

The puerbes of Lydgate.





17-14

O kysse y steppes of them y were forther
Laureate poetes whiche had soueraynte
Of eloquence to supporte thy makynge
And pray all tho y shall this processe se
In thyn excuse that they lyst to be
Fauourable to iacke or to comende
Gete thygrounde vpon humylyte
Unto theyr grace that thou mayst vp ascende

In a short clause thy content rehersynge
As one by clymbeth to grete prosperyte
So another by experte knowlechyng
fro grete rychesse is brought to pouerte
Alas o boke what shall I saye in the
Thy tragedyes thurgh all the worlde to sende
Go forth I praye excuse thyselfe and me
Who loueth moost vertue best shall ascende

Blacke by the weede of complaynt and moornyng
Called fall of prynces from theyr felycyte
Lyke chantrypluf now syngyng now wepyng
Wo after myrthe nexte Joye aduersyte
So intermedled there is no surete
Lyke as this boke dothe preyse and reprechende
Now on the whele now set in lowe degre
Who wyll encrease by vertue muste ascende

Sodeyne departyng out of felycyte
In to myserye & mortall heynesse
Unware depzyuyng of our prosperyte
Chaunge of gladnes in to wretchednesse
Longelanguysshyng in wo and bytternesse

Contynuell sorowe brede / dole and offence
Were fyrste brought in by inobedience

Adam and Eue losse theyr lyberte
Theyr fraunchyse & theyr blyssednesse
Put in to exyle and captryte
To lyue in labour wo and pensyfnesse
Thurgh false desyre of pompous wylfulnes
To the serpent whan they gaue credence
The lord misstrustyng thurgh inobedience

But oo alas as they were fre
Of Joye eternell stode in lyknesse
They were to blynde alas it is pyte
To leue theyr reste and lyue in werynesse
All theyr offsprynge to bynge in dystresse
Drawynge fro god his dewe reuerence
Thurgh false consentynge to inobedience

Wherfore ye prynces awysly do se
As this tragedye in maner bereth wytnesse
Whiche as wanteth in ony comonte
Subieccyon for lacke of mekenesse
And whyle pouert pryde hath an interesse
There foloweth after thurgh forward insolence
Amonge the people fals inobedience

And noble prynces whiche hath the soueraynte
To gouerne the people in ryght wysnesse
Lyke as ye cheryshe them in peas and bnyte
Or forwardly dystroye them or oppresse
So agaynwarde theyr courages they wyll dresse

Lodly to obeye / to your magnyfyc ence
Or dysobeye by inobedyence

Paup̄tas conqueritur sup̄ fort unā

This wredchyd worlde is transmutacyon
As welc / and wo / now poore / & now honour
Withouten ordre / or wyle dyscrecyon
Gouerned is by fortunes erroure
But neuertheles / the lacke of her fauoure
He may not do me / synge thoughte that I dye
J'ay toutz pdu mon temps et mon labour
For synally / fortune I desye

Yet is me leste the syght of my reason
To knowe frende fro so in my myrroure
So moche hath yet thy turnynge bp & downe
I taught me to knowe in an houre
But truely no fors of thy reddoure
To hym that on hymselfe hathe maystrye
My suffysaunce shall be my socoure
For synally fortune I desye

Socrates thou stedfast champpon
She myght neuer be thy tormentour
Thou neuer dzeddest her oppzessyon
He in her chere founde thou no fauoure
Thou knewe well / the deceyte of her coloure
And that her moost worshyp is to lye
I knowe her cke / a false dyslymulour
For synally fortune I dysfye

Fortuna ad paup̄tatē.
puer.

A. iiii.

11
No man is wretched but hymselfe it wene
And he that hathe hymselfe hathe suffisaunce
Why sayst thou than / I am to the so kene
That hast thyselfe out of my gouernaunce
Say thus gra mercy of thyn haboundaunce
That thou hast lent / or this thou shalt not stryue
What wotest thou yet how I wyll the auaunce
And eke thou haste / thy best frende alyue

I haue the taught / dyuysyon between
Frende of effecte / and frende of countenaunce
The nedeth not / the galle of none hen
That cureth eyen / duk for penaunce
Howe seyst thou clere / that were in ygnoraunce
Yet holde thyn anker / & yet thou mayst aryue
There bounte bereyth / the keye of my substaunce
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue

How many haue I refused to sustene
Syth I the fostered / haue in my pleasaunce
Wylte thou than make / a statute on thy quene
That I shall be ay at thyn ordynaunce
Thou borne arte in my reygne of variaunce
Aboute the whele with other must thou dyue
My loze is better than thy wycked gouernaunce
And eke thou hast thy best frende alyue

Paupertas ad fortunam.

Thy loze I dampne / it is aduersyte
My frende / mayst thou not reue blynde goddesse
And that I frendes knewe / I thanke it the
Take them agayne / let them go lye on presse
The negardes / keppuge theyr rycheesse
Whonostyk is / her toure thou wylte assayll

Wycked appetyte / cometh a befoze sykenesse
In generall this rule may not fayle

Fortuna ad paupertatem
Thou pynchest at my mutabylte.
For I the lente a droppe of my rychesse
And now me lyketh to withdraue me
Why sholdest thou my royalte oppresse
The se may ebbe / & flowe more & lesse
The skye hathe myght / to shyne rayne and hapll
Ryght so may I stowe my brytylnesse
In generall this rule may not fayll

Dauptas ad fortunā.
So execucion of the mageste
That all puruayeth of his ryghtwysnesse
That same thyng fortune clepe ye
Ye blynde beestes / full of rudenesse
The heuen hathe properte of sykernesse
This worlde hath euer / restles trauayll
Thy laste daye is ende of myn intresse
In generall I this rule may not fayll

Finis.

Ecce bonū consiliū galfridi chaucers extra fortunā.

Hele from the prece & dwell with sothefastnesse
Suffyle vnto thy good thoughe it be small
For hooorde hathe hate / & chymbynge tykylnesse
Prece hathe enuye / and wele is blente ouer all
Sauoure no more than the behoue shall
Rule thyselfe that other folke canst reede
And trouthe the shall deluyver it is no drede

Garn Gern G
Gom Gurn
Lam Lem Lu
Lom Lom

Dayne the not eche croked to redyesse
In truste of her that turneth as a ball
Grette reste. stonde in lytell besynesse
Be ware also to spoone agaynst a wall
Stryue not as dothe a cocle with a whall
Daunt thyselfe that dauntest other dede
And trouthe the shall deliuer it is no drede

That the is sente receyue it in burumnesse
The wasthyng of this worlde asketh a fall
Here is none home / here is but wyldernesse
Forth pylgrym forth / forth beest out of the stall
Loke vp on hyghe / and thanke our lord of all
Weye thy luste / & let thy ghoost the lede
And trouthe the shall deliuer it is no drede

The vn sure gladnesse the Joye transytory
The vnstable surenes the transmutacyons
The gloury bygghtnes / the false eclypsed glorie
Of erthly prynces whiche haue possessyons
And monarchyes and domynacyons
Theyr sodayne chaunge declareth to vs all
Theyr pompous fygyres meynt with bytter gall

This blynde goddess in her consystour
With her pleasaunce medleth dyscencyons
After tryumphes conquest and byctour
Reueth fro prynces theyr sceptres & theyr crownes
And troubleth the people with fals rebellyownes
Syn by these dukes whiche from her whele be fall
All worldly suger is meynt with bytter gall

This tragedye maketh a memoꝛye
Of dukes twayne & of theȝ hȝe reſiſſances
And of theȝ lawe wyte a grete hystoꝛye
And how they conquered dyuers regyones
Gouerned cytees countrees and eke towneſ
Tyll fortune theȝ pꝛoweſſe dyde appall
To theȝ ſuger was meynt wth bytter gall

Princes pꝛyncelleſ ſeeth how deceptour
Bene all theſe worldly reuolucyons
And how fortune in her reclinatour
Wth her tryacle tempꝛeth false poꝛſons
So meruaylous bene her confeccyons
Of frowardneſſe ſhe wyll what ſo befall
Ay wth her ſugꝛ of cuſtome temper gall

A cōmendacyon of pacyence.

Uertue of vertues / o noble pacyence
Wth Lauret crowned for vertuous coſtaunce
Laude / honour / pꝛeſe / and reuerence
Be yeue to the pꝛyncelle of moost pleaſaunce
Moost renomed by auncyent remembraunce
Of whom the myghty marcyall armure
Agayne all byces / lengest may endure

Grounde & begynnynge / to ſtande at dyffence
Agayne Sathans / infernall pꝛyſtaunce
Laureate quene / where thou arte in preſence
Fozeyn outrages / haue no gouernaunce
Conduyte hedſpꝛynge / of plenteuous haboundaunce
Cryſtall well / celeſtyall of fygure

Agayne all byces whiche lengest may endure

These founteyne by souerayne excellence
Of goostly buyldynge & spyrytuall substaunce
Empresse of moost magnyfycence
With heuently spyrytes nexte of alpaunce
With lyfe euerlastynge the tryumphe to auaunce
And Joye eternall thy noblesse to assure
In thaurate throne perpetually to endure

Three Ierarchyes there beyng in presence
With whom humyltye hath souerayne acquayntaunce
Where Olanna with deuoute dyligence
Is longe of aungelles by longe contynuaunce
Tofore the throne / keepynge theyr obseruaunce
Sayng Sanctus Sanctus recorde of scripture
With boys memory all perpetually to endure

The brennyng loue of Cherubyn by feruence
Partye in charyte and dyligent obeyssaunce
And Seraphyn with humble obedyence
And orders. ix. by heuently concordance
Dominationes with vertuous attendaunce
Afore the trynity synge freshely by mesure
With voyce memory all perpetually to endure

Suffraunce of paynymes hath but an apperence
Done for bayngloze hangynge in balaunce
But crystes martyrs in very existence
Lyfte agayne tyrantes make repugnaunce
Rather deye than do god dyspleasaunce
Shewed in no myrrour lykenesse nor ppycture

Take full possessyone / for ever with cryst tendure

Suffraunce for vertue / hath the pꝛeemynence
Of them that set / in god theyꝝ assyaunce
Recoꝛde of Steuen / Vincent and Laurence
Blyssed Edmonde by longe persueuaunce
Suffred for our fayth / byctoryous greuaunce
Kynge mayde / & martyꝝ a palme to recture
In the heuently courte / perpetually to endure

And for to set a maner dyfference
In this mater tolde euery cyꝛcūstaunce
How for our fayth / by full grete byolence
Dyuers sayntes / haue suffred grete penaunce
Stable of theyꝝ chere / by sage and countenaunce
Neuer to varye for none auenture
Lyke crystes champpyons / perpetually to endure

Whose foundacyon by notable pꝛouydence
Grounded on cryst / theyꝝ soules to auauce
Graue in theyꝝ hertes / & in theyꝝ conscience
Woydyinge all trouble / of worldly perturbaunce
Chaunges of fortune / wher double haunce
Louyd god & dradde / aboue eche creature
In hope with hym perpetually to endure

O yn auctour Bochas wyrteth no lenger processe
Of Julius de the complaynyng but a whyle
To wyte of Tully in haste he gan hym dꝛesse
Compendyously his lyfe for to compyle
Complaynyng fyrste / his baren style
Is insuffyciente to wyte as men may seen

Of so notable a rethoricyen

The name of Tullius was knowen in many place
His eloquence in euery lande was ryfe
His langage made hym stande in grace
And he preferred durynge all his lyfe
Marryed he was / & had a ryght fayre wyfe
Chyldren many seruauntes yonge and olde
And I fynde he helde a good houlholde

This thyng was done / whan y in rome towne
The stryfe was grettest betwene Cesar & popeye
And for Tullius drewe hym to Caton
With Pompeyus Cesar to warre ye
And of Julius the partye dysobeye
Out of Rome Tullius dyde hym hys
Fledde with Pompeye in to Thessalye

Cesar after of his free modyoune
Whan that he stode byest in his gloz ye
Hym reconsyled agayne to Rome towne
Upon Pompeye accomplished the vyctorye
But Julius slayne in the consylstorie
By syxty senatours beyng of assent
Tullius was agayne in to exyle sent

And in a cyte called Farnuan
Tullius his exyle dyde endure
For Anthonius was to hym enemy than
Bycause that he / parcase of auenture
Compyled had an Inuentys scripture
Agayne Anthonye reherlynge all the case

Of his defautes and of Cleopateas

Thus of enuye and of mortall hatred
His dethe was compassed by Anthonius
And afterwarde execute in dede
By procurynge of one Pompilius
Gave cōmyssyon y stozpe telleth thus
Of fals malys & forth anone wente he
In to Gayte of champaygne a cyte

And by the vertue of his cōmyssyowne
Takyng of Anthyne lycence & lyberte
These Bethorpcyen y euer was in the towne
Amonge Romayns to worshyp the cyte
Was slayne alas of hate & enmyte
By Pompilius rote of all fallhede
Proferynge hymselfe to smyte of his hede

Tullius afore had bene his defence
fro the galowes and his dethe che let
Whiche had deserued for his grete offence
To haue ben hanged vpon a hye gybet
Who saueth a thefe whan the rope is knet
Aboute his necke as olde clerkes wyte
With some fals tozne y byrbour wyl hym quyte

Lo here the vyce of ingratytude
By experyence brought fully to a ptefe
Who in his herte treason dothe include
Caste for good wyl to do a man repsefe
What is the guerdon for to saue a thefe
Whan he is scaped loke ye shall fynde
puer.

Of his nature euer to be unkynde

This poplyue traytour moost odyble
To shewe hymselfe false cruell & vengeable
Towarde Tully dyde a thyng horryble
N han he was deyd this byrbour moost culpable
Smote of his ryght hande to here abhomyable
With whiche hande he lyuyng on hym toke
To wyte of vertues many a famous booke

The hande the heed of noble Tullyus
Whiche euery man ought of ryght complayne
Were take and brought by Pompeylyus
Upon a stake set by bothe the twayne
There to abyde whether it dyde shyne or rayne
With wynde and wedder tyll they were yssyd
In token all fauoure was to hym denyed

This tragedye dothe naturally complayne
Upon this vyce called unkyndenesse
Whiche to punyssh is torment none nor payne
Bygoure condygne flagell nor duresse
Enprysonyng nor none erthely dystresse
That may suffyce bypely to conlude
Agayne the vyce of ingrattyude

All creatures on this vyce complayne
Lawe nature decres ryght wysnesse
This monster in kynde dothe the lyght dysteyne
Of euery vertue derketh the bryghtnes
Mylander can bere herof wytnesse
Whiche to his for theres he of tatches rude
Shewed the vyce of ingrattyude

Of Cerberus thynfernaill tryble chayne
Nor of Tantalus hongier nor thrustynesse
Of Erion or Cicus bothe twayne
Beken they? torment remembre they? sharpenesse
All were to lytell to chastyce or redresse
The hatefull vyce of them y can delude
They? frendes olde by fals ingratytude

Noble prynces whiche in your demayne
Haue gouernaunce of all worldy rychesse
Agayne folke vnkynde loke that ye dysdayne
Suffre them not haue none interesse
For to approche to youre hygh noblencesse
For there is no vyce more hatefull to conlude
Than is the vyce of Ingratytude

Consulo quisquis eris: qui pacis sedera queris
Consonus esto lupis: cū quibz esse cupis

I Counsayll what so euer thou be
Of polycye / foresyght and prudence
yf thou wylte lyue in peas and vnyte
Conforme thyselfe & thynke on this sentence
Where so euer thou holde resydence
Amonge wolles / be woluyssh of courage
Lyon with lyons / a lambe for Innocence
Lyke the audyence / so vtter thy language

The vnycorne is caught with maydens songe
By dyspolycy our recorde of scrypture
With cormorauntes make thy necke longe
In pondez depe / thy prayes to recure
Amonge foxes / be foxyshe of nature

Amonge rauentes thynke for auantage
With empty hande / men may not haukes lure
And lyke thy audyence so better thy language

With holy men speke of holynesse
And with a glouton / be delycate of thy face
With dronken men / do surfettes by excelle
And amonge wasters no spendyng that thou spare
With wodcockes / lerne for to dare
And sharpe thy knyfe / with pyllers for pylage
Lyke the market / so prepe thy chaffare
And lyke thy audyence so better thy language

With an Otyr spare ryuer none nor ponde
With them that folette / robbe conyngers
A blode hounde with bowe & arrowe in honde
Augre the watche of fosters & parkers
Lyke thy felawshyp / spare no daungers
For lyfe nor dethe / thy lyfe put in morgage
Amonge knyghtes / squyers chanons monkes freers
Lyke thy audyence better thy language

Danyell lay / a prophete full notable
Of god preserued / in pryson with lyons
Where god lyst spare / a Tygre is not vengeable
No cruell beestes / beres nor gryffons
And yf thou be in caues with dragons
Remembre how abacuk / brought potage
So ferre to danyel / to many regyons
As case requyrez so better thy language

With wyse men talke of sapience

With phylosophers speke of phylosophye
With hyppmen sayllinge that haue experyence
In troublly sees how they shall them guye
And with poetes talke of poetrye
Be not presumptuous of chere nor of bylage
But where thou comest in ony companye
Lyke the audyence to vtter thy language

This lytell dytee/concludynge in menyng
Who that cast hym this rule for to kepe
Must conforme hym lyke in euery thyng
Where he shall byde vnto the felawshyp
With watche men wake with sleggy folke slepe
With wood men wood with frontye folke sauage
Kenne wbeestes w wyld worms crepe
And lyke thy audyence vtter thy language

Amonge all these I counsayll yet take hede
Where thou abydest or rest in ony place
In chese loue god & with thy loue haue drede
And be ferefull agayne hym to trespase
With vertuous men encrease shall thy grace
And bycous folke are cause of grete damage
In euery felawshyp so for thyselfe purchace
Where vertue regneth there vtter thy language

Be payed with lytell content with suffysaunce
Clymbe not to hye thus byddeth Socrates
Glad poyert is of treasours moost substauce
And Caton sayth is none so grete encreas
Of woerly treasour as for to lyue in peas
Whiche amonge vertues hathe the bassalage

puer.

b.iii.

I take recorde of Epogenes
Whiche to Alexander had this language

His palays was a lytell poore tonne
Whiche on a whele with hym he gan carpe
Badde this Emperour ryde out of his sonne
Whiche dempte hymselfe ryther than kyng darpe
Kepte with his bestell fro wyndes moost contrary
Wherin he made dayly his passage
This phylosopher w pynces lyste not tarpe
For in theyr presence to better no language

Betwene these twayne a grete comparyson
Kyng Alexander he conquerd all
Epogenes lay in a small dongeon
Lyke sondry weders whiche tozned as a ball
Fortune to Alexander gaue a sodayne fall
The phylosopher dysposed the comynage
He thought vertue was moze impetrayll
Than is acquayntaunce with al his proude language

Anthony & Poule dyspyled all rycheffe
Lpyed in deserte of wylfull pouerte
Cesar and Pompeye of marryall woodnesse
By theyr enuyous compassed cruelte
Betwene germany & assycke was grete enmyte
No comparyson betwene good greyn and forage
Prayse euery thyng lyke to his degre
And lyke thy audyence so better thy language

I founde a lykenesse dreynt vpon a wall
Armed in vertues as I walkt vp and downe

The hede of thye full solempne and royall
Intellectus/memozpe/and reason
With eyen and eres/of clere dyscrecyon
Mouthe and tongue/awayden all outrage
Agayne the vyce of fals detraccyon
To do not surfet/in worde nor in language

Hande and armes/with this dyscrecyon
Where so man haue/force oz feblenesse
Truely to mene/in his affectyon
For fraude oz fauoure/to folowe ryght wysnesse
Outtrayles inwarde/ deuocyon with mekenesse
Passynge pygmalyon/whiche graued an ymage
Prayed to Venus of louers chere goddesse
To graunt it lyfe/ & quychenesse of language

Of hole entente/pray we to cryste Ihu
To quych a fygure/in our consyence
Reason as heed/with membres of vertue
Afore rehersted/brefly in sentence
Under suppozte of his magnyfycence
Cryst so lyfte gouerne/our worldly pylgrymage
Bytwene vyce and vertue/to sette a dyfference
To his pleasaunce/to bettre our language

¶ Lemoy.

Towarde the ende of frosty Januarie
Whan watry phebus/hadde his purpose take.
For a season to sojourne in aquarpe
And Capricorne hadde bitterly forsake
Towarde auroꝛa amoroꝛe as I gan wake
Afeldfare/full erly toke her flyght
Tofore my stude/sange with her fethers blake

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Thoughe the perowse haue wynges bryght & shene
Graunted by nature to his grete awayll
With golde & azure and Emendes grene
And Argus eyen portrayed in his sayll
Berynge vp his fethers/dysplayed lyke a sayll
Towarde his fete/whan he caste downe his leghe
To bate his pryde there is no bet counsayll
Loke in thy myrrour and deme none other wyght

The kynge of foules moost imperyall
Whiche with his loke perleth the feruent sonne
The Eagle as chefe of nature moost royall
As olde clerkes well deuysse konne
To phebus palays by flyght whan he hathe wonne
Whať foloweth after for all his grete myght
But men remember vpon his fethers donne
Loke in thy myrroure and deme none other wyght

In large lakes and ryuers fresche remynge
The yelowe Swanne famous and agreable
Agayne his dethe melodiously synngynge
His fatall notes pyteous & lamentable
Playnly declare in erthe is nothyng stable
His byll his fete who loke a ryghe
In token of moynynge ben of colour sable
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

The hardy lyon of beestes lorde and kynge
Whan he syt crowned as pryncce of wyldernesse
All other beestes obeye at his byddyng
As kynde hathe taught them theyr lady & maystresse

But notwithstanding his bestyall sturbynelle
Whan he is moost furpous in his myght
There cometh a quartayn / syth in his grete actelle
Loke in thy myrrour and deme none other wyght

The Tygre of nature / excelleth of swyftnesse
The Lynx with lokyng / perceeth a stone wall
The byrcorne by musycall swetnesse
Betwene two maydens / is take & hath a fall
All worldy thyng / tourneth as a ball
The harte / the roo / ben of theyr cours full lyght
By theyr prerogatyues / but none alone hath all
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Amonge all beestes / the lyon is moost stronge
Of nature the lambe / hath grete mekenesse
The wulfe dysposed / by rauayne to do wronge
The sleghthy fore / small pollet dothe oppresse
To fylshe in water / the Ottyr dothe duresse
Grete dyfference bytwene daye and nyght
Lacke of dyscrecyon causeth grete blyndnesse
Loke in thy myrroure and deme none other wyght

Though thou haue power / oppresse not thy parayll
Of one mater / was made eche creature
Byde of a tyraunt / a season may preuayll
A choyle to regne / is contrary to nature
No vengeable herre / shall no whyle endure
Theyr tort power / no / fals vsurped myght
A yst for no doctour / no / techyng of scrypture
Loke in theyr myrrour & deme none other wyght

eyle by a begger / that came of nought

Set in a chaper / of worldly dygnyte
Whan fals presumption / is entred in his thought
Hathe clene forgotte / his state of pouerte
And as he reysed / vnto the royall see
Of a lyon / knoweth not daye fro nyght
I solelyst not / in his prosperyte
Looke in his myrrour & deme none other wyght

Thus by a maner / of synplicityde
Tyrantes lykened / to beestes rauynous
Folke þ ben humble / playnly to conclude
Resemble beestes / meke and vertuouse
Some folke peasable / some contraryouse
Sondrymelled / now hery / & now lyght
One is frowarde / another is gracypous
Looke in thy myrrour and deme none other wyght

Some man of herte / dysposed to pryde
By dysposycyon / of frowarde surquedye
Some man may suffer / & longe tyme abyde
Some man vengeable / of olde melancolye
Some man consumed / with hate & fals enuye
To holde a quatell / whether it be wronge or ryght
But vnto purpose this mater to applye
Looke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

No man is clere / without som trespase
Blyssed is he / that neuer dyde offence
No man is meke / another dothe menace
Some man is fyers / some man hathe pacyence
One is rebell / another dothe reuerence
Some man coorbed / some man gothe byrght

Let eche man serche his owne conscience
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Thynge contrary / be not accordeynge
A poore man proude / is not comendable
For a fayre saphyr / set in a copet rynge
A beggers thret / w mouthe to be vengeable
For fayre behestes / of purpose barpable
A lordes herte / a purse y peyleth lyght
Outwarde gay speche / in menyngge dysceyuable
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Some gyue no forse / for to be sworne
Onely for lucte / abraydnyng on falsnesse
Some can dyssemble / & blowe the buckes hoozne
By apparence / of fayned kyndenesse
Under floures / of fraudulent fresshenesse
The serpent dareth / with his scales byght
Galle vnder suger / hath double bytternesse
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Cure not thy conceyte / with no fayned glosys
Some golden floures / haue a bytter rote
Sharpe thornes / hydde somtyme vnder rosys
Foule hey / oppressed / with synnomes soote
Let fals / presumpton play ball vnder foote
Torches compared to phebus beames byght
What dothe clere perle / on a baudy boote
Loke in thy myrroure / and deme none other myght

Kynde in her werkes / can hynder & preferre
Set differences many mo than one

Between phebys / & a lytell sterre
Between a flynte / and a precyous stone
Between a dull mason / & pygmalyon
Between Tercytes / and Hector a good knyght
Let euery man gnawe on his owne bone
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Some man is stronge / heres to bynde
Another feeble / preferred with prudence
One swyft to renne / another cometh behynde
One hathe slouth / another hathe dyligence
Some man hath connyng / lackynge eloquence
Some haue force / yet they dare not fyght
Beas moost profyteth with this experyence
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Some man hathe beaute / another hathe goodnesse
One hathe Joye / another aduersyte
Some man fortune / & plentuous ryche
Some man content / & gladde with pouerte
Some one hathe helthe / another infyrmyte
What euer god sent / thanke hym with all thy myght
Grutche not agayne / & lerne this thyng of me
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

There is no gardyn / so full of freshe floures
But that there are / amonge them some wedes sene
The holsom Roset / for all his swete odoures
Groweth on thornes / pryckynge sharpe and kene
Alcestys floure / with whyte / with rede & grene
Dysplayeth her crowne / agayne phebys bemys bright
In stormes dreepeth / conceyue what I mene

Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

The somers day / is neuer or seiden seyn
With some clete ayre / but that there is some skye
Nor no man erthly / so vertuous in certayn
But y^e he may / behyndred by enuye
A boyce dystuned / troubleth all melodye
As sayth mulycenus / whiche knowe & crafte aryght
On trewe accorde / standeth all armony
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

Comparyson / conceived in nature
By a moralyte of vertuous lykenesse
Let every man / do his bely cure
To race out pryde / and set in fyrste mekenesse
Agayne couetyse compassyon and almesse
Fro pooze people let no man tourne his syght
Agayn fleshely luste / chastyte and clenness
Loke in thy myrrour / & deme none other wyght

Of every man by reporte of language
Astyle thy tongue / of trewe affeccyon
Of haste nor rancour / with mouthe do no domage
Restrayne thy courage / fro fals detraccyon
Fro flaterye / and adulatoryn
Withstonde wronge / susteyne trouthe and ryght
Fle doublenesse / fraude & collusyon
Loke in thy myrroure and deme none other wyght

No man of kynde / is more suspectuous
Than he that is moost bycyous & culpable
Bycause he halteth / & is not vertuous

He wolde eche man to hym were resemblable
A galled hors wyll wyne in a stable
For noyse of labels heuynether lyght
A fole that is by reporte reprouable
Shold loke in his myrrour & deme none other wyght

That man for vertue may were a dyademe
With stones. xii. remembred by auctours
And as kynge wel crowned he may bene
That hathe no weede growynge amonge his flourcs
Though apyll haue many swete modores
fro Iuppter an vnware thundre lyght
Syth with an hayll fro sagyttarcs coures
Loke in thy myrrour & deme none other wyght

With vertuous pyte & iust compassyon
Kewe on thy neyghbour whan he is culpable
Let mercy modelde rygorous correccion
All we be synners though god be not vengeable
We myght not lyue but he were mercypable
That his pacyence peyled adowne his ryght
After your domes ye Iuges moost notable
Loke in your myrrour & deme none other wyght

Set a myrrour of lyght dyscrecyon
Tofore your face by polytyk gouernaunce
Fare farer with them that haue contricyon
And for theyr surfettes in herte haue repentaunce
Let not your swerde be whet to do vengeaunce
Bytwene flat & edge though sharpenelle token lyghte
The flat of mercy prynte in your remembraunce
Loke well your myrrour or ye deme ony wyght

Go lytell byll with out tytle or date
And of holgherte recomaunde me
Whiche that am called Johan Lydgate
To all tho folke which lyst to haue pyte
On them y suffre trouble & aduersyte
Besceche them all y the shall rede a ryght
Merrey to medle with trouthe & equyte
And loke wel theyr mytours & deme none other wight

Here endeth the prouerbes of Lydgate vpon the fall
of prynces. Enprynted at London in flete strete at the
sygne of the sonne by Wynkyn de Worde.



